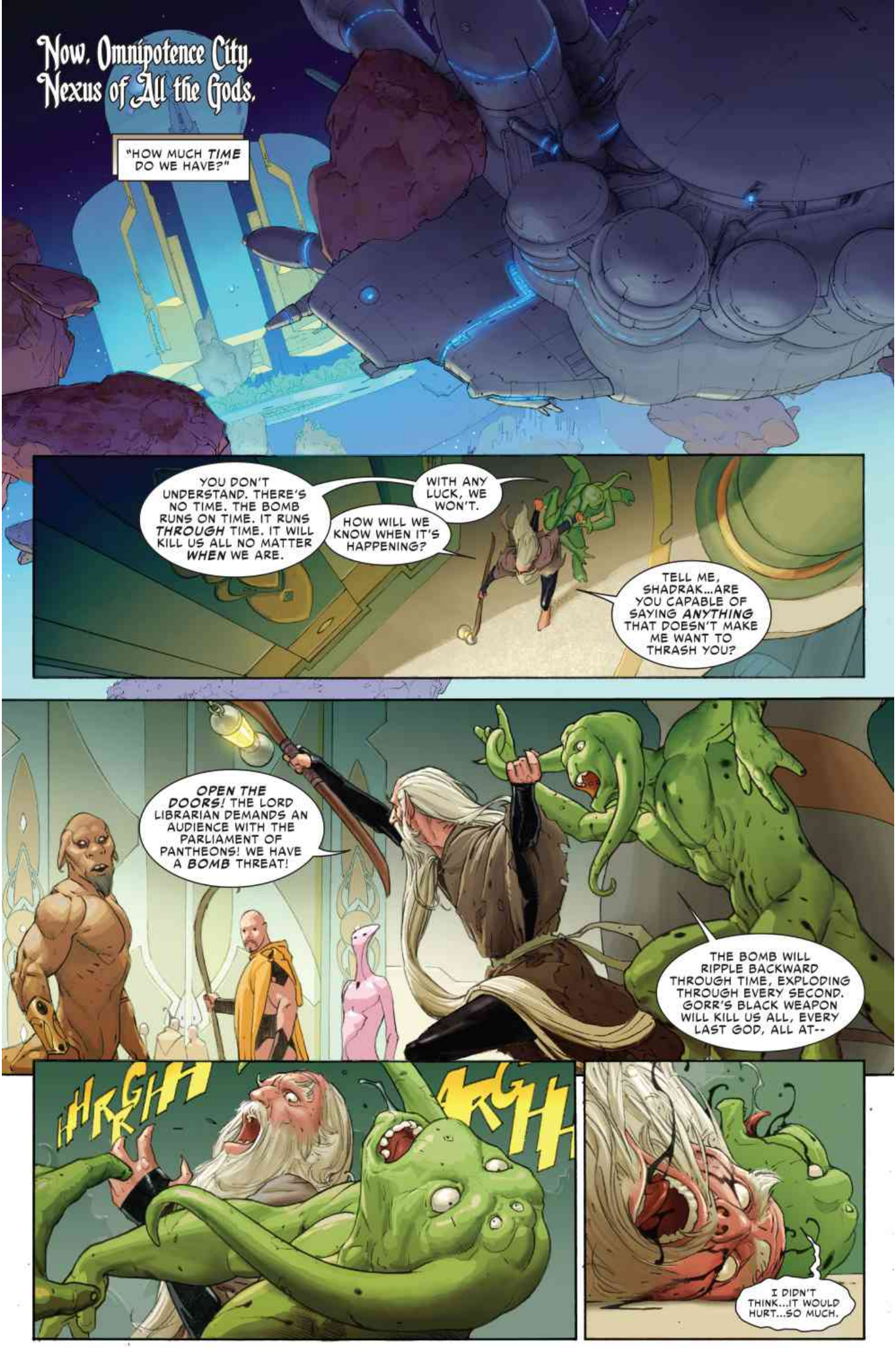
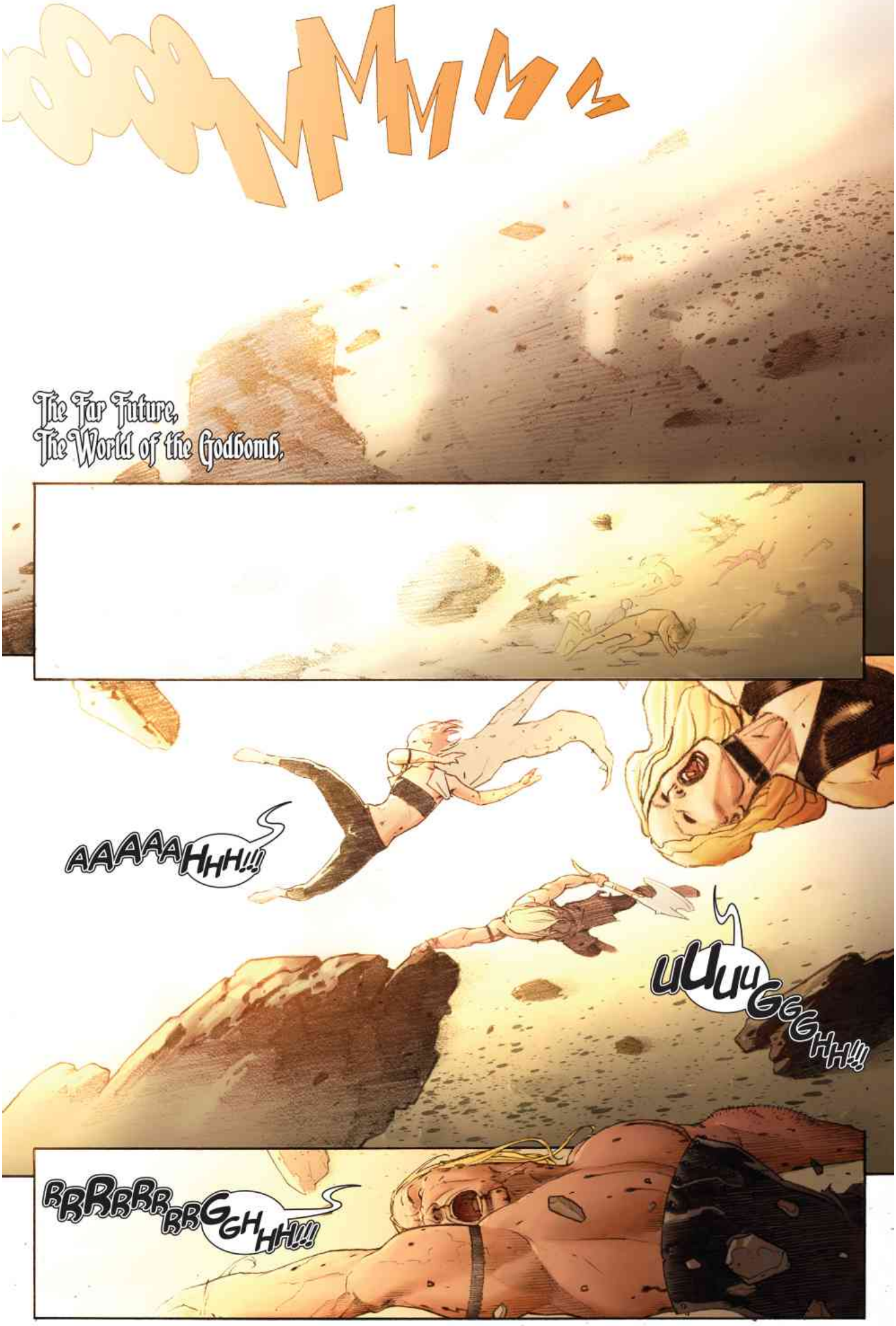
GODBOMB PART FIVE: THE LAST PRAYER

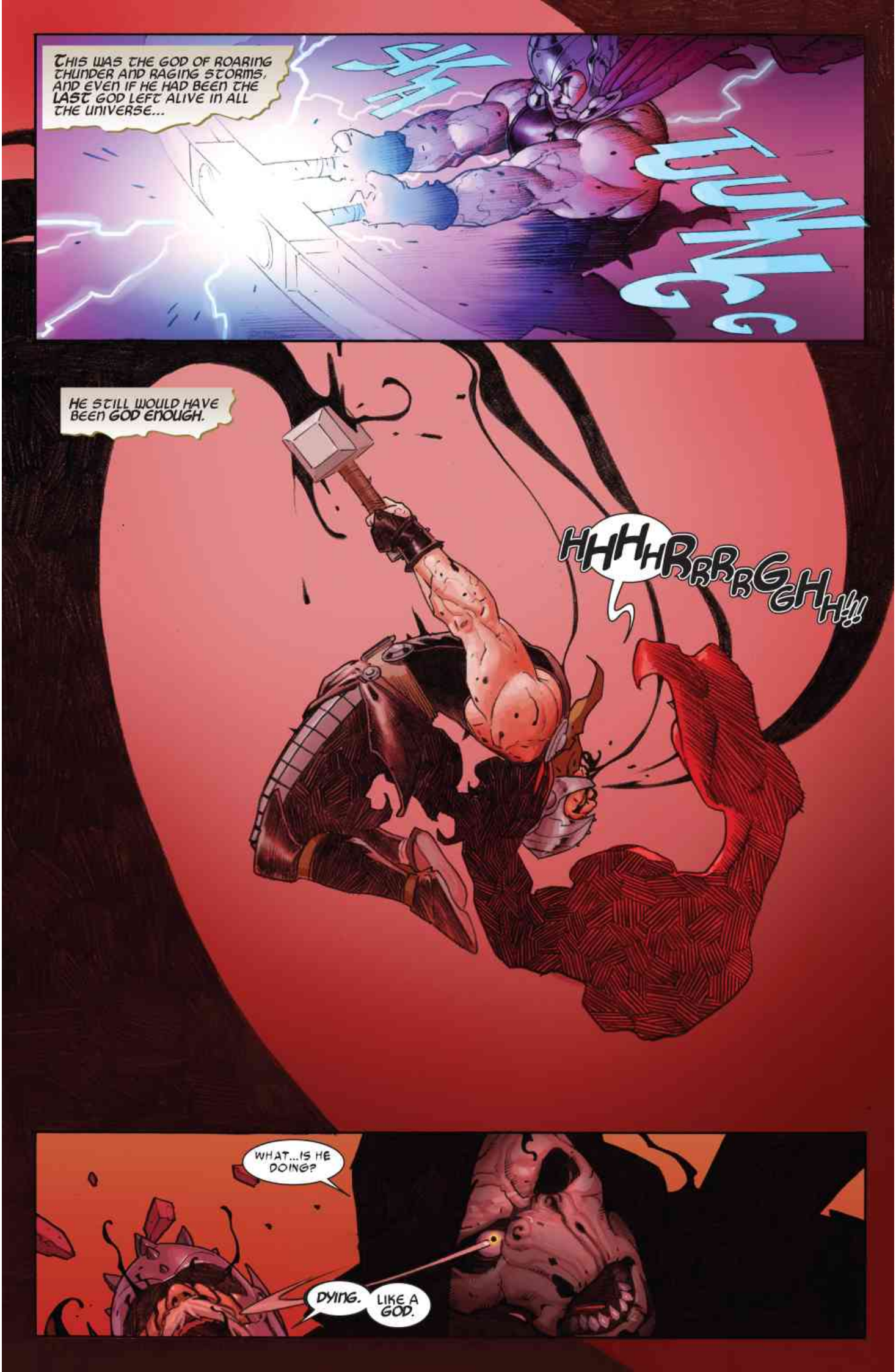

Now. Omnipotence City. Nexus of All the Gods.
"HOW MUCH *TIME* DO WE HAVE?"
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. THERE'S NO TIME. THE BOMB RUNS ON TIME. IT RUNS *THROUGH* TIME. IT WILL KILL US ALL NO MATTER *WHEN* WE ARE.
HOW WILL WE KNOW WHEN IT'S HAPPENING?
WITH ANY LUCK, WE WON'T.
TELL ME, SHADRAK...ARE YOU CAPABLE OF SAYING *ANYTHING* THAT DOESN'T MAKE ME WANT TO THRASH YOU?
OPEN THE DOORS! THE LORD LIBRARIAN DEMANDS AN AUDIENCE WITH THE PARLIAMENT OF PANTHEONS! WE HAVE A *BOMB* THREAT!
THE BOMB WILL RIPPLE BACKWARD THROUGH TIME, EXPLODING THROUGH EVERY SECOND. GORR'S BLACK WEAPON WILL KILL US ALL, EVERY LAST GOD, ALL AT--
HRRGH
ARGH
I DIDN'T THINK...IT WOULD HURT...SO MUCH.

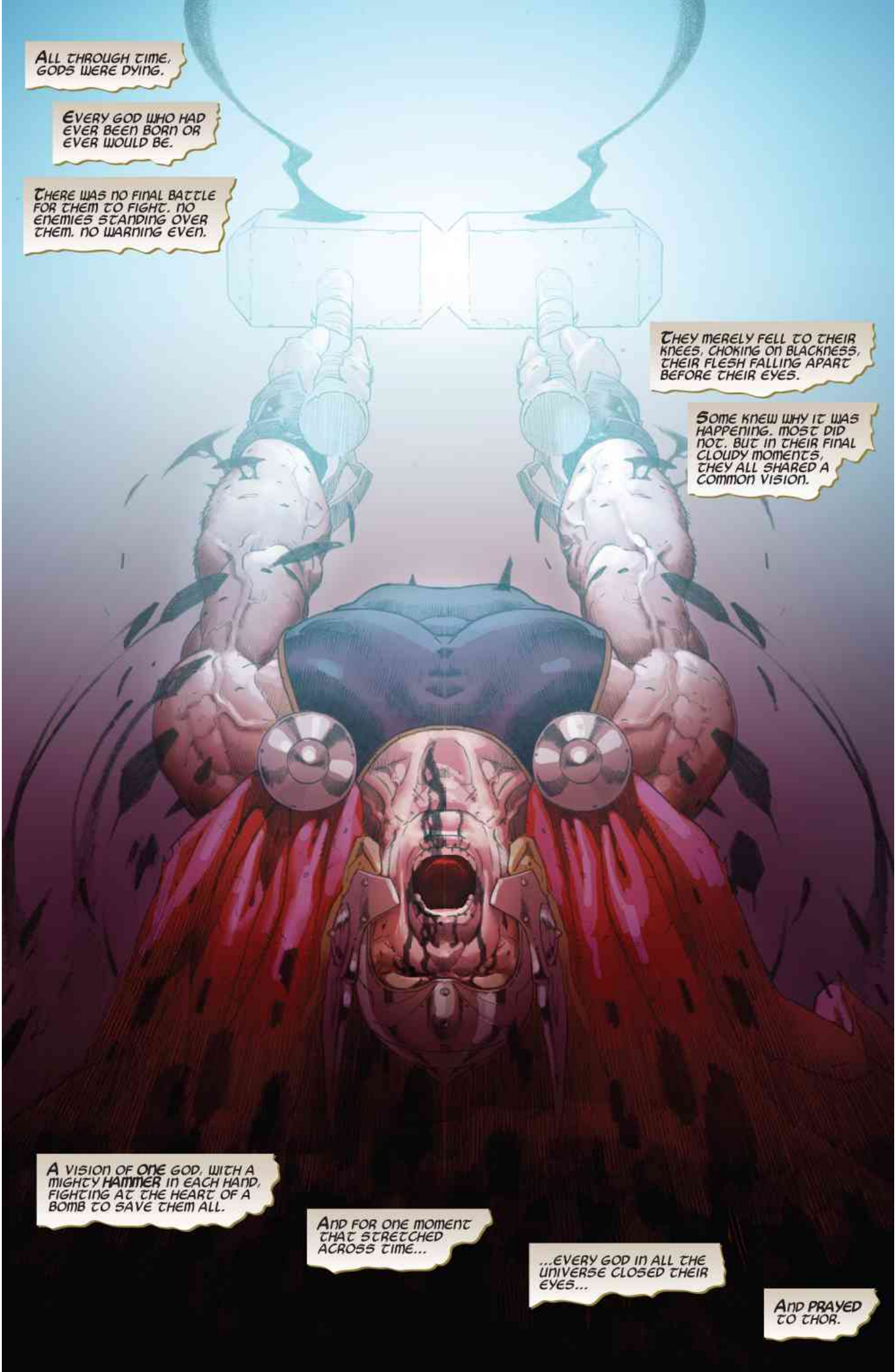

MMMM
The Far Future,
The World of the Godbomb.
AAAAAHHH!!!
UUUUGGGHH!!
RRRRRRRRRGHHH!!!

YOU'RE DYING.

AND YOU KNOW IT. DON'T YOU, KING THOR?
DYING OVER EVERY SECOND OF YOUR LIFE ALL AT ONCE. YOU AND TRILLIONS MORE JUST LIKE YOU.

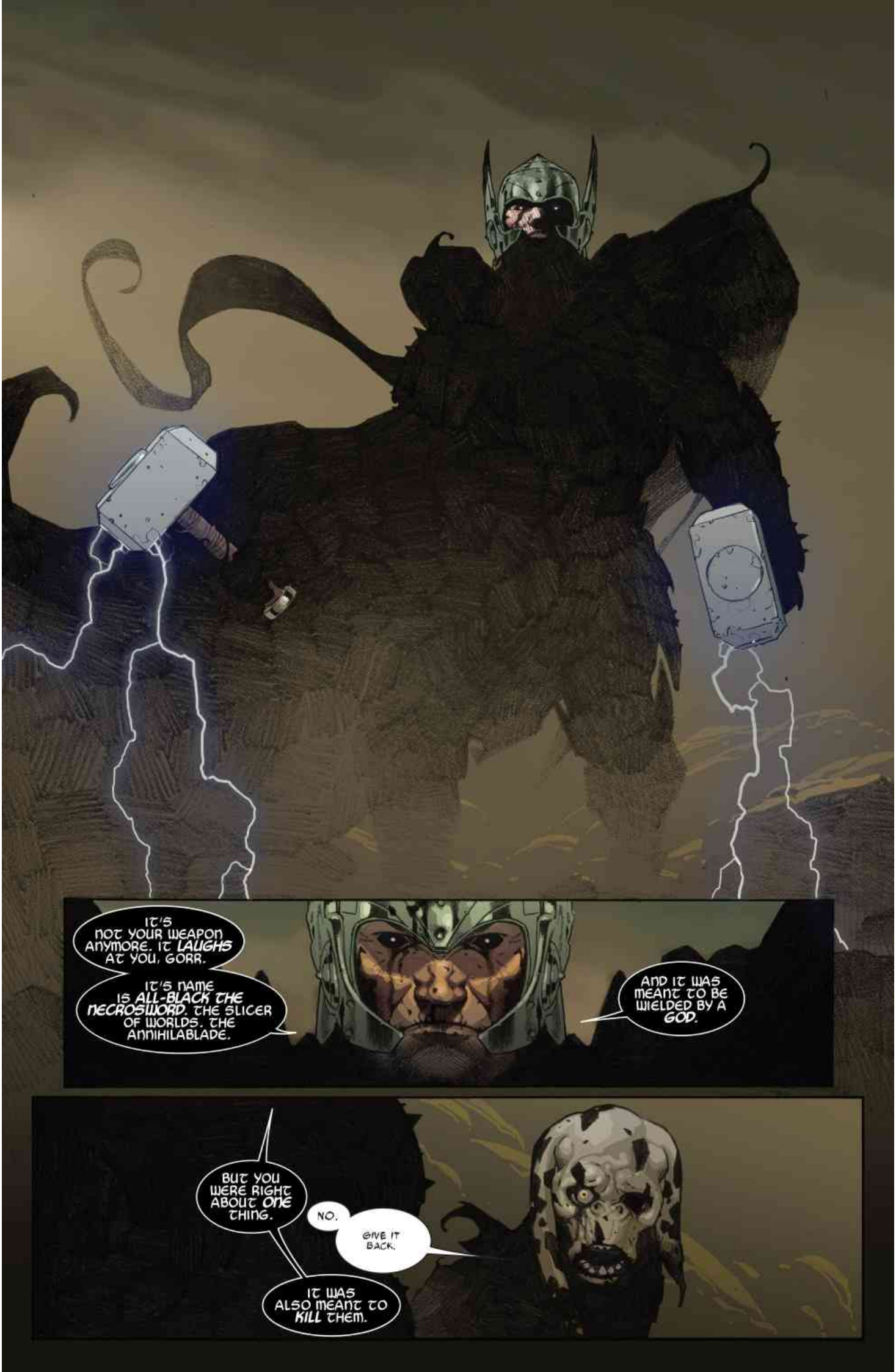
I DO HOPE IT HURTS.
GGGRRRRGGGHHH!!
INSIDE THE HEART OF THE GODBOMB, TIME BECAME TAR.
ETERNITY ECHOED WITH WAILING AND THE GNASHING OF TEETH. WITH THE DYING OF THE GODS.
IF HE'D BEEN A LESSER GOD, THOR MIGHT HAVE ACCEPTED THAT GORR HAD WON. AND MORE SO, THAT GORR DESERVED TO WIN.
THAT GODS WERE CRUEL AND JEALOUS CREATURES. THAT IT WAS TIME FOR THEIR AGE TO PASS.
BUT THIS WAS NO LESSER GOD.


THIS WAS THE GOD OF ROARING THUNDER AND RAGING STORMS, AND EVEN IF HE HAD BEEN THE LAST GOD LEFT ALIVE IN ALL THE UNIVERSE...
KA-THUNG
HE STILL WOULD HAVE BEEN GOD ENOUGH.
HHHHRRRRGGHH!!!
WHAT...IS HE DOING?
DYING.
LIKE A GOD.


All through time, gods were dying.
Every god who had ever been born or ever would be.
There was no final battle for them to fight. No enemies standing over them. No warning even.
They merely fell to their knees, choking on blackness, their flesh falling apart before their eyes.
Some knew why it was happening. Most did not. But in their final cloudy moments, they all shared a common vision.
A vision of ONE god, with a mighty HAMMER in each hand, fighting at the heart of a bomb to save them all.
And for one moment that stretched across time...
...every god in all the universe closed their eyes...
And prayed to Thor.

HE'S... ABSORBING IT. HE'S TAKING THE BLAST INTO HIMSELF.
THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE!
THEN LET US WATCH THE IMPOSSIBLE TOGETHER!
THOR... HEAR MY PRAYER.
WHERE A FATHER PRAYS TO HIS SON.
HEAR THE PRAYER OF ODIN.
DO NOT FALL, MY SON.
BE THE SAVIOR OF US ALL.
The Present Day. The Wild Space Where Asgard Once Dwelled.
"BE THE GOD OF GODS!"

HOLY HEL. IT JUST... STOPPED.
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. WE'RE ALIVE.
YES. BUT SO IS HE.
NO.
NO, YOU SHOULD ALL BE DEAD. BLACK BERSERKERS, KILL THEM!
WHERE ARE MY BLACK BERSERKERS? WHERE ARE MY TOWERS, WHERE'S MY...
...WEAPON...?


IT'S NOT YOUR WEAPON ANYMORE. IT LAUGHS AT YOU, GORR.
IT'S NAME IS ALL-BLACK THE NECROSWORD. THE SLICER OF WORLDS. THE ANNIHILABLADE.
AND IT WAS MEANT TO BE WIELDED BY A GOD.
BUT YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING.
NO.
GIVE IT BACK.
IT WAS ALSO MEANT TO KILL THEM.

KRA KOOM

DAMN...
DAMN YOU ALL.
DAMN ALL THE GODS.

YOU...YOU DON'T DESERVE THIS VICTORY, AND YOU KNOW IT. ALL YOU'VE EVER BROUGHT THIS UNIVERSE IS *MISERY*.
GODS DIDN'T CREATE MANKIND, BUT SOMEDAY, IF THEY'RE NOT STOPPED... THEY WILL *END* IT. MARK MY WORDS.

WAS IT A GOD WHO KILLED MY *MOTHER?*
MY SON...?

OR WAS IT *YOU?*
OR ARE THE TWO ONE AND THE SAME NOW, FATHER?
BEHOLD *GORR*, GOD OF HYPOCRISY.

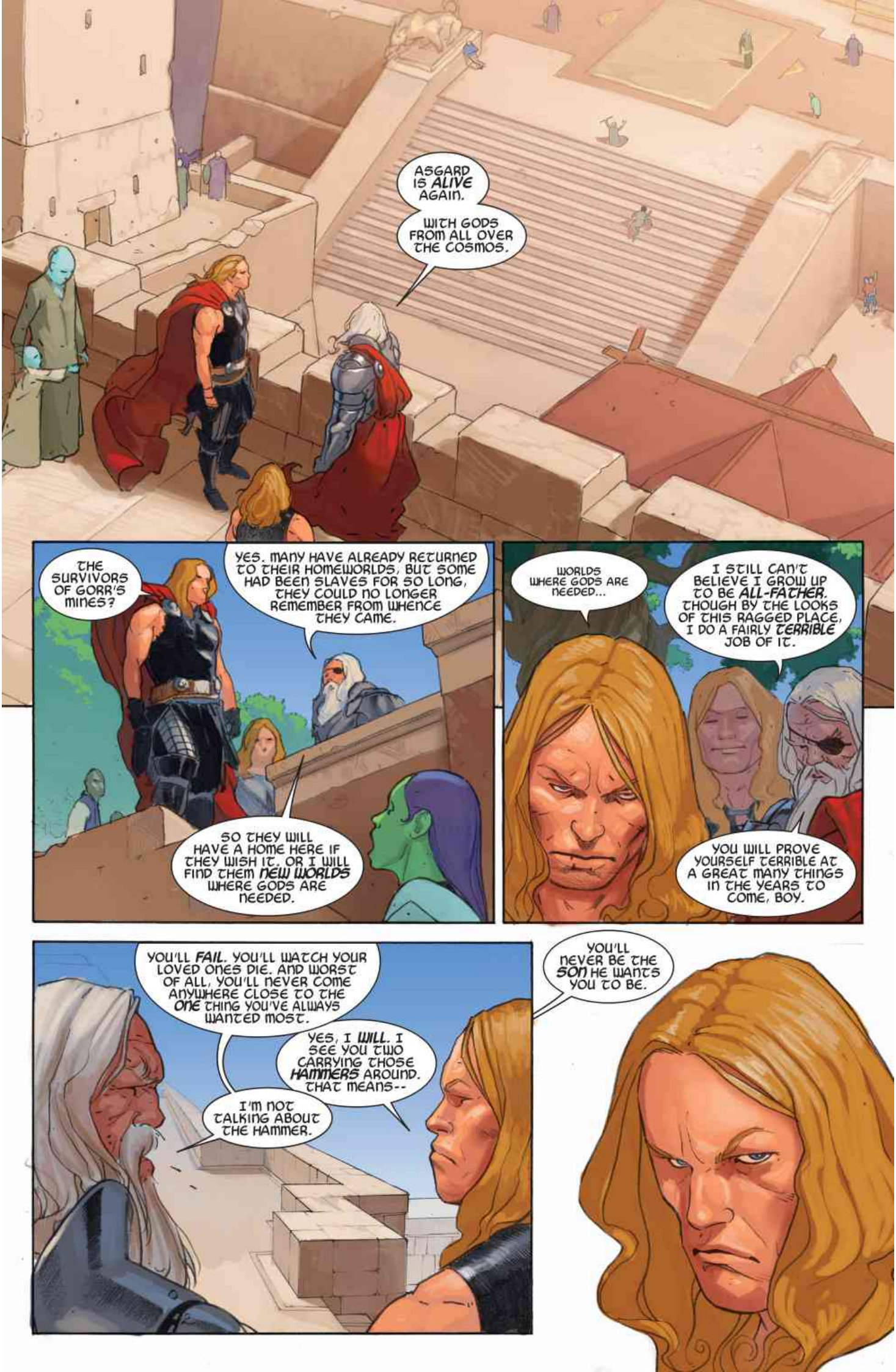
SON, PLEASE, NO...I CAN'T LOSE YOU TOO...
THEY DID THIS. YOU HAVE TO SEE THAT. IT'S THE GODS WHO'VE RUINED CREATION. WE'LL ALL BE BETTER OFF WITHOUT THEM.
YOU CAN'T BLAME THE GODS ANYMORE, GORR. IT WASN'T A GOD WHO BETRAYED YOU.
IT WAS ONLY EVER...
YOURSELF.
AR
NO, PLEASE... PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME...
...ALONE...
THE BOY JUST...MELTED INTO A...A STONE DAGGER. IS THIS GORR'S WORK?
THERE NEVER WAS A BOY. THERE WAS ONLY EVER THE WEAPON. AND THE THINGS GORR MADE FROM IT.
NO.
BUT IT WAS THE SON WHO HELPED US DEFEAT THE FATHER.
IT WAS THE LONELY LITTLE MAN...
WHO HELPED YOU DEFEAT THE BUTCHER.
GGGRRRGH

SHKUK
I'D HAD ABOUT ENOUGH OF THAT.
THUS ENDETH THE TALE OF THE GOD BUTCHER.
SHALL WE DRINK MEAD AND THINK OF WAYS TO DEFILE HIS ASHES?

BBLAAAAUURRGGHH

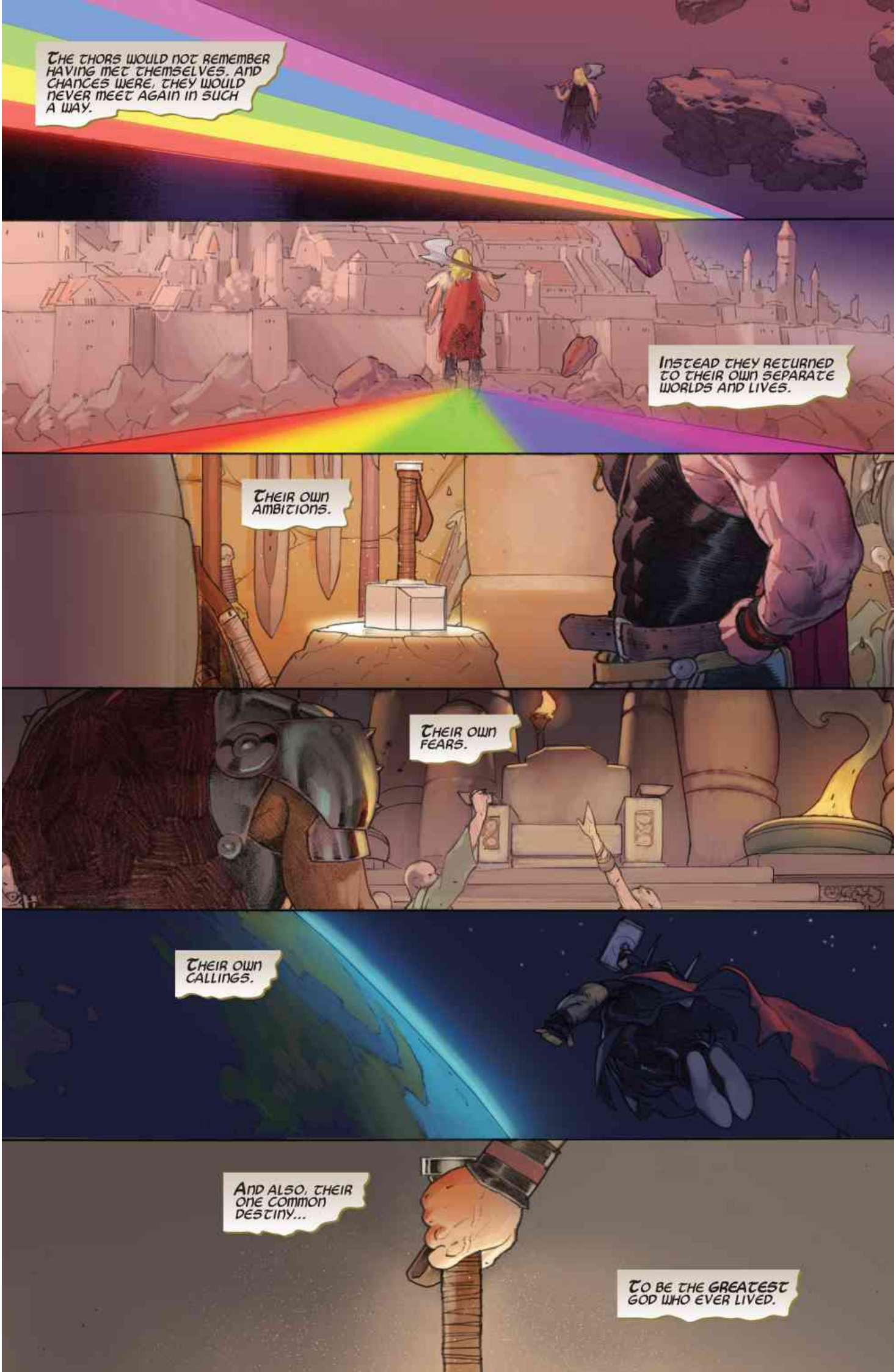
THE WEAPON IS STILL INSIDE YOU. HURRY. YOU MUST PURGE YOURSELF.
TOO LATE. JUST MAKE CERTAIN...
THAT YOU PROVE HIM WRONG.
THUS DIED THOR.
FOR THE NINTH TIME THAT COULD BE REMEMBERED.

THREE DAYS LATER, HE ROSE AGAIN.
Asgard of the Far Future, Seat of King Thor.
UGGGGHHH...
FATHER?
I HAD THE STRANGEST DREAM. THERE WERE...
THERE WERE THREE OF ME.
IT APPEARS DYING HASN'T MADE HIM ANY SMARTER, HAS IT?
NO, BUT I BET IT'S MADE HIM THIRSTY.
DID YOU KNOW THERE'S A WHOLE HIDDEN ROOM FILLED WITH ALE? OR AT LEAST, THERE USED TO BE.
WHAT'S HAPPENED? THE GOD BUTCHER...
DEAD. TURNED TO ASH.
LEFT WHERE IT FELL. WE DARED NOT TOUCH IT.
AND HIS WEAPON? THE NECROSWORD...
I WOULD'VE TOUCHED IT. BUT HIS MAJESTY HERE THREW THE ENTIRE PLANET INTO A BLACK HOLE.
AND THEN HE BROUGHT YOU BACK FROM THE DEAD.
THE THOR-FORCE.
AYE. BURNED OUT THE LAST OF GORR'S SICKNESS INSIDE YOU. I FIGURED IT WAS IN MY BEST INTEREST.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THAT FOR WHICH YOU DIED?


ASGARD IS ALIVE AGAIN.
WITH GODS FROM ALL OVER THE COSMOS.
THE SURVIVORS OF GORR'S MINES?
YES. MANY HAVE ALREADY RETURNED TO THEIR HOMEWORLDS, BUT SOME HAD BEEN SLAVES FOR SO LONG, THEY COULD NO LONGER REMEMBER FROM WHENCE THEY CAME.
SO THEY WILL HAVE A HOME HERE IF THEY WISH IT. OR I WILL FIND THEM NEW WORLDS WHERE GODS ARE NEEDED.
WORLDS WHERE GODS ARE NEEDED...
I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE I GROW UP TO BE ALL-FATHER. THOUGH BY THE LOOKS OF THIS RAGGED PLACE, I DO A FAIRLY TERRIBLE JOB OF IT.
YOU WILL PROVE YOURSELF TERRIBLE AT A GREAT MANY THINGS IN THE YEARS TO COME, BOY.
YOU'LL FAIL. YOU'LL WATCH YOUR LOVED ONES DIE. AND WORST OF ALL, YOU'LL NEVER COME ANYWHERE CLOSE TO THE ONE THING YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED MOST.
YES, I WILL. I SEE YOU TWO CARRYING THOSE HAMMERS AROUND. THAT MEANS--
I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THE HAMMER.
YOU'LL NEVER BE THE SON HE WANTS YOU TO BE.

NO, APPARENTLY I GROW UP TO BE EVERY BIT THE TROLL'S ARSE MY FATHER IS.
I BELIEVE I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS WRETCHED FUTURE. THE ALE HERE IS OLD AND BITTER ANYWAY.
JUST LIKE THE THORS.
YOU WERE UNNECESSARILY HARSH TO THE BOY.
PERHAPS I WASN'T SPEAKING TO THE BOY.
I OWE YOU A GREAT DEBT, THOR OF THE AVENGERS. FOR REMINDING ME WHAT IT MEANS TO COMMAND THE THUNDER.
BUT I STILL CANNOT LOOK AT YOU WITHOUT A PAIN IN MY GULLET. WITHOUT SEEING THE EONS OF STRUGGLE AND FAILURE THAT LIE BETWEEN US.
BE A BETTER THOR THAN I WAS.
AND KILL YOUR BASTARD BROTHER FIRST CHANCE YOU GET.
AND YOU GO BE A KING AGAIN, OLD MAN. AND LIVE TO PROVE GORR WRONG.
BUT WHAT IF HE WASN'T WRONG?
THEN WE HAVE EVEN MORE WORK TO DO.
SPEAKING OF WHICH...
I THINK I KNOW A WORLD THAT COULD USE SOME NEW GODS.

And so old King Thor with his All-Father magic sent the other Thors back to their own times.
Thor! Lord Thor has returned to us at last!
We've just brewed a fresh barrel of mead, my lord.
Yes, but I cannot stay long.
Perhaps I could stay for a moment.
They knew that given the nature of the time travel involved, their memories of recent events would soon begin to fade.
There were some memories they looked forward to forgetting.
And others they hoped to cling to forever.

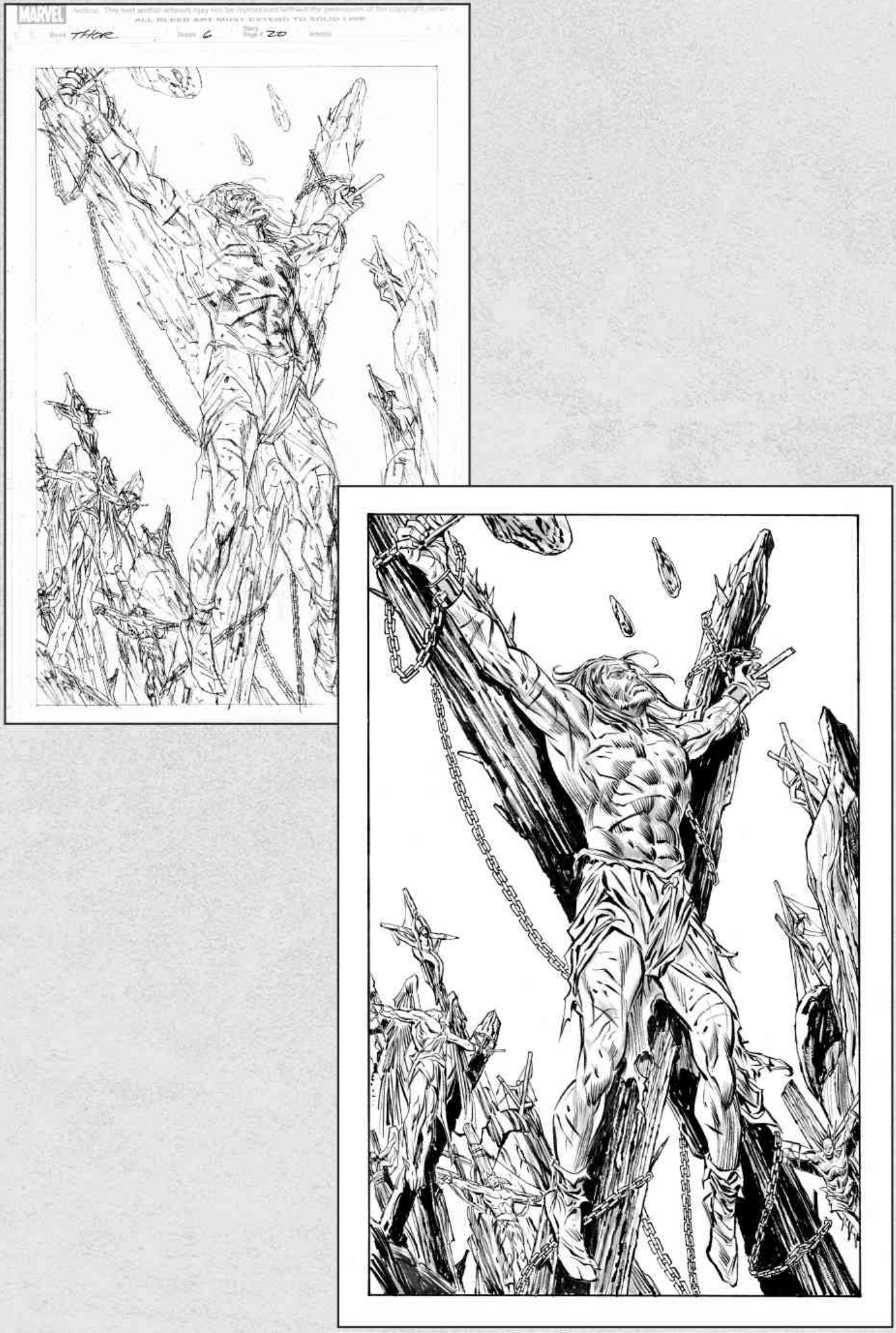

THE THORS WOULD NOT REMEMBER HAVING MET THEMSELVES. AND CHANCES WERE, THEY WOULD NEVER MEET AGAIN IN SUCH A WAY.
INSTEAD THEY RETURNED TO THEIR OWN SEPARATE WORLDS AND LIVES.
THEIR OWN AMBITIONS.
THEIR OWN FEARS.
THEIR OWN CALLINGS.
AND ALSO, THEIR ONE COMMON DESTINY...
TO BE THE GREATEST GOD WHO EVER LIVED.

In the end, they would remember only that gods had fought and died.
That some victories were won.
While others remained elusive.
You MOVED! I know you moved! I felt it!
That a king was restored to his throne.
And that a prayer was finally answered.
Thor?
Little girl of Indigarr, I said I would return to you, and I have.
You prayed to me because your world had no gods. That is ONE prayer, I assure you...

YOU NEED NEVER PRAY AGAIN.
THUS DID A WORLD WITHOUT GODS BECOME A WORLD WITH VERY MANY.
ALL THANKS TO A LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER AND A MADMAN'S MURDER SPREE.
AND OF COURSE TO A GOD OF THUNDER AND HIS MIGHTY HAMMER.
A GOD WHOSE STORY MAY HAVE BEEN AS OLD AS TIME, BUT WHOSE ADVENTURES AND PERILS...
HAD ONLY JUST BEGUN.
AR
Next: Thor Returns to Midgard.

#7 MANY ARMORS OF IRON MAN VARIANT
BY GABRIELE DELL'OTTO

#6, PAGE 19 PENCILS & INKS
BY BUTCH GUICE & TOM PALMER



#6, PAGE 20 PENCILS & INKS
BY BUTCH GUICE & TOM PALMER

"This book is the high-adventure pulp serial Thor has always needed." —ComicBookResources.com

WHAT IS THE GODBOMB?
AND WHAT CAN THOR DO TO STOP IT?

Somewhere at the end of time, all the gods of the universe are enslaved, working to build a machine that will forever change the face of creation. While Gorr's master plan continues to unfold, all hope for divinity is lost when Thor finds himself in chains alongside his fellow gods. And even as Gorr's dark origin is revealed, along with the truth behind his bloody quest to butcher the gods, three time-bending Thors unite to lead an army of slave gods in the fight against Gorr. But will it all be for naught as the clock ticks down and the massive Godbomb is triggered at last? And after the dust clears, what will be left of the universe's deities?

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